

The N00b Saga

by EvilMonkeyKitten

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Summary: A Halo PC N00b must learn to be an uber pwnz0r, but to do that he will face many trial and tribulations.

1. In the Beginning

This story begins with a young a man getting Halo PC.

>He must learn to get along with his fellow
haloers.
Unfortunetly..HE'S A GODDAM N00B!!!!!!

"Hmmm...what should I call myself..." wondered aloud the noob.

"I need a name that people will respect, and understand..."

"I've got it! From now on, I will be known as...FLYING CRAP" shouted the noob with glee.

For now we will just call him FC.

As the big FC boots up Halo for the first time he ponders...

"I hope it's meetloaf night..."

"Did I spell meetloaf right?"

"Oh, consarnit! I didn't"

"I'm sorry, I meant to say that I hope it's meatloaf
night..."

"Wait- is meatloaf hiphenated?"

"Did I spell hiphen right-"

"Just get on with it you retarded n00bz0r!" shouts the computer,
rudely interruppting FC.

Finally, Halo boots on the Windows 95 with half a grafics card and some nacho cheese chips jammed in the hard drive.

"OK, I think I will start with trying my skills on the campaign" mumbles FC.

He clicks the campaing button and-

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but you didn't spell campaign right.." says FC while jamming his face with licorice flavored tofu.

Well, back to what I was saying, I like big butts and I cannot lie-

Oh wait, wrong line...ahem

So, as the first level loads FC watches in amazement as a stunning cut scene

featuring some UNSC ship personell doing stuff unfolds and a mangey

seargent talks to some horribly animated marines-

Suddenly Seargent Johnson appears and interrupts me again.

"Who you callin mangey foo?" the scraggly Seargent shouts.

"Now I'm scraggly eh?" comes his dilapitated come back.

"And who you callin horribly animated?" shoutes a heavily pimpled marine.

but unfortunetely the big FC has been reading a long and now opens his mouth.

"I have noticed several spelling mistakes-" he says but gets cut-off.

"SHUT UP U STUPID N00B!!!" we all shout in unison.

OK, so the game starts and he barely passes all the calibration tests.

Finally he sees some covenant.

He finds a striking resemblance between some grunts and his mom, but thinks nothing of it.

There is a speaker vibrantly loud noise and a blue elite appears.

FC screams and cowers behind his 3rd generation office chair.

The Elite points and shouts in a throaty roar "wort wort wort!"

FC is incredibly hurt by the rudeness of pointing and thinks the elite is making fun of his

worty thumbs.

"I vow never to play campaign again, it's too mean. I guess I'll just go play multiplayer." FC groans.

2. Pwnt!

Now I must find where we left off...ah yes, Flying Crap or "the big FC" as I like to call him,
>just decided to play multyplayer.<p>As our young n00bic hero looks for a server, he fights the urge to go to the bathroom.<p>

He sees a server called "Snipes No \$heilds" and wonder what a "snipe" is...

FC joins and begins to play.

He spawns next to the teleporter at blue base and jumps through it.

He dodges shots that weren't even aimed at him...

He crouches, now he jumps!

FC randomly shoots at an enemy rock...

As a someone notices he joined, they say chat "Oh, no a stupid n00b!"

Someone else comments "You can't really now if he is a n00b..."

The first chatter box defends himself "Well, look at his name..."

"Good point"

"That's what your mom said last night!"

"Who the hell are you?"

"Your mom!"

"You gotta realize how bad that argument is..."

"Like your mom?"

"Shut up"

"like your mom!"

"No."

"what? you just say No."

"No."

"you said it again..."

"Thank you, come again"

"wtf?"

"BBQ"

"ok...im gonna go now..."

"Yes my plan worked!"

As the FC read the text scrolling across his screen, he wondered if the narrator forgot about him...

Suddenly, the rest of the players realized he existed and began to take aim...

Shots rang out across Blood Gulch...

Grenades exploded.

People Meleed.

All was over for the big FC...

Text scrolled across the screen...

You killed Flying Crap.

You assassinated Flying Crap.

I said ASSassin.

LOL, ass, lol.

You beat the crap out of Flying Crap.

Holy \$!T dude, you totally pwnt Flying Crap.

And so on...

Finally FC got in a shot at and AFK guy, but missed.

He shot again, this time it was a direct hit...to a cliff 20 feet away.

Another shot, he hit the guy and the stunning death animation of the sissy piroouette.

"w00t!!!!!" the FC cried.

"I like it like that!" he shouted in glee...

"WTF? TK TK TK" shouted the AFK guy now...

"TK? WHat's that" questioned the ever stupid nub.

"And why are you now calling me a 'Nub' ?" he added.

"Well, 2 zero's is sooo hard to type..." I moaned.

"TK is team kill, I'm on your team, and u killed me..." said the AFK guy coming back into the story.

"I'm not the AFK guy, I have a name you know..."

"It's \$((MAN))(TEH\$##\$MML&\$, u a\$\$!!"

"I'm still gonna call you the AFK guy, your name just crashed my compy..."

Well, back to what I was saying...damn, where was I?

Ummmm...yes?

No.

Hmmmm...

Oh right, FC left the server sulking...

But then, he saw a server called "The Masterful N00b Teacher"

Little did he know that entering that server would change his life forever...

Tune in next week to here the exciting part about stuff...

Authors Notes:

>Well, this is the second chapter of the story and I hope you all like it.
I know it can get a little random and confusing, but that's the way halo is.

>See ya all at the next chapter.
D P O and remember, don't get pwnt u nub!!!!!

End
file.